

SEA ROSES.

From the sea roses grow down to the sea,
And where the white ripples laugh up to
the roses:
Where the gorse and the heather are nod-
ding together,
And the bud of the pimpernel opens and
closes;
Where the curlew dips to the kiss of the
wave,
And the gray-green wings of the plover
whirr
by the languorous motion and swaying of
the ocean,
There I am dreaming of her.

Sea roses, you were always sweet,
Yellow of petal, and greenly glowing
in warm sea places 'mid soft embraces
And tender touch of night winds blowing.
The first full ray of the moon on you
Falls in the quiet of night begun;
And lovingly tender, in slanting splendor,
The first red shaft of the sun.

Oh, but now you are queen of the flowers,
Queen of the queens of the summer
weather;
For here where the plover were wheeling
above her,
Here in your glory we met together.
But, you were happy, but happier far
I as I thrived with ecstasy,
When she plucked you stooping, her dark
eyes drooping—
Plucked you, and gave you to me.
—J. E. Healy.

The Prize Chickens

There was to be a poultry exhibi-
tion at Welchville, and Winthrop
Smith was very anxious to take his
Plymouth Rocks. These had been
hatched in the preceding October so
that Mr. Baker, a neighbor, had
given them to Winthrop, "to bring
up," as he laughingly said, "by
hand."

They had grown splendidly in the
egg, warm stable of the Smiths,
and by spring hand-some chickens
couldn't be found anywhere. Grand-
father Volk—and he had had a good
deal of experience in poultry raising
—declared, "There isn't a finer lot
of Plymouth Rocks in the country,
I'm confident of it!"

While desirous of exhibiting his
pets at the annual May poultry ex-
hibition at Welchville, Winthrop had
as means of getting them there,
Welchville was fifteen miles away,
and for only this one season, since
he could remember, his father kept
a horse.

"They are fine!" It was Uncle
Herbert, who had driven over from
Burton, the last week in April, and
was stopping at the Smiths' for din-
ner. "They ought to go to the ex-
hibition. Chickens like those are
good to see, even if they shouldn't
take a prize! But I have an opinion
that they will."

"Not—not if I can't get them
there," replied Winthrop, slowly.

"That's true! Let me see," and
Uncle Herbert puckered his brow a
minute. "I have an errand at South
Paris that has to be done soon. I
can do it early in May, just as well
as not, I guess. That's when the ex-
hibition is to be held."

"Yes, from the 4th to the 9th,"
said Winthrop, eagerly.

"True," and Uncle Herbert looked
hardly at a memorandum. "I can
do my errand there, and take you
all the chickens right back to
Welchville. You can stay with us
night; your Aunt Mary will be de-
lighted to have company if you care
to stay."

"Hurrah!" and Winthrop hurried
to the house to tell the good news.
Early in the morning, on the 2d
of May, Mr. Smith told Winthrop
that he wished him to rake up the
wood-yard during the day, and wheel
the chips into the shed. "It should
be done before any more rain comes,"
he said.

"All right!" replied Winthrop.
That afternoon, while at work,
Winthrop heard down by the fence
a "call whistle."

"It's Payson Barber," he thought,
setting the handles of the wheelbar-
row down. On going round the cor-
ner, he discovered Payson and How-
ard Nickerson down by the road, on
the other side of the lot fence.
"Come down here a minute!"
called the older of the two boys.

Winthrop left his work, and ran
down to the road.

"We're getting up a nine," ex-
plained Payson, "to play the village,
and we want you to pitch."

"Goody!" exclaimed Winthrop,
entirely. "I've wanted a game ever
since the snow began to go off."

"Can you come?" asked Howard,
looking fondly at his new ball.

"Certainly!" And then, suddenly,
"I forgot! I don't believe I—I
can. There are the chips to wheel
up!"

"Never mind those!" pressed Pay-
son. "Any old time will do for
chips; isn't so with baseball?"

"Guess I'll go!" and Winthrop
climbed over the fence.

"We'll beat them now sure," cried
Howard, jubilantly.

"I should say so!" added Payson.

"But," turning to Winthrop, "when
we saw you raking, we thought we'd
have to give you up."

Winthrop made no reply; he
seemed to be thinking.

They went only a little farther,
however, when he suddenly stopped
in the road. "Say, boys, I don't think

I ought to go, really I don't." Father
bet me to work, and said he wanted
the job done. I—I guess you'll have
to play without me this time. I'm
sorry, awfully!"

"Oh, come on!" urged Payson.

"Yes," insisted Howard.

"No!" and Winthrop said it so
firmly that the two boys saw it
would be useless to coax him further.

"I'll play next time," he called back,
as he hurried up the hill.

The chips were nearly all in when
a horse and wagon drove into the
yard.

"Why, hello, Uncle Herbert!" cried
Winthrop, in surprise. "How did
you happen to come over to-day?"

"I found that I had to go to South
Paris earlier than I expected, and
so came round this way for you and
the chickens. No, I haven't time to
unhitch. I was afraid I might find
you away. I hoped not, for I
couldn't come again, and I knew
you'd be greatly disappointed not to
have your chickens—you'd planned
on it so—at the exhibition. And, by
the way, it's going to be a fine one."

"My! I'm glad," thought Win-
throp, "that I didn't play ball, and
I came so near! If I had gone with
them, I wouldn't have seen Uncle
Herbert."

"I suppose the coop is all ready?"
asked Uncle Herbert, turning the
horse around.

"Yes, and 'twill take but a min-
ute to get the chickens in."

"All right, and then you can run
and get ready."

It was a banner week for Winthrop
at Welchville. He went every day to
the exhibition, and was constantly
proud of his Plymouth Rocks.

"Do you suppose that I—I'll
get—"

"You probably won't," laughed
Uncle Herbert, interrupting, "but
your chickens may. I'm strongly of
the belief that they'll take one of
the prizes."

And they did. And Winthrop went
home with a shining five-dollar gold
piece in his pocket.

"I wouldn't have it," he said to
himself, "if I hadn't gone back that
day. For Uncle Herbert wouldn't
have known where I was—and he
didn't have time to wait till the
game of baseball was over. I guess
it always pays to do what you are
told to do."—Harold Farrington, in
the Morning Star.

CONCERNING ACCURACY.

No Point in Which the Daily News-
paper is More Unreliable.

If what a person says is worth
quoting at all in a newspaper it
would seem as if absolute accuracy
were the prime requisite. There is,
however, no point in which the daily
newspapers are more unreliable than
in the matter that they place between
quotation marks as actually spoken
words. How much latitude may be,
and is, used is well illustrated by the
reports of a Brooklyn murder case on
Friday morning of last week. Al-
though the accused prisoner's words
were taken down verbatim by an of-
ficial stenographer, in five of the
morning papers there were four dif-
ferent versions of what the man ac-
tually said. As a sample of the vari-
ation the following passage may be
taken: "During this search for a
telephone I replaced the empty shell
in my revolver with a loaded one. I
happened to have two extra shells in
my pocket. The exploded shell I
tossed into a vacant lot." This is
stated to be the stenographer's report
in one paper and as a second paper
agrees exactly with it the words may
reasonably be assumed to be those
spoken by the prisoner. Yet one of
the most reliable of all journals says
he said this: "Then I grabbed my
coat and the gun and went out. Out-
side I emptied the shell, throwing it
behind some bushes and put in a
new one. I did not touch the body,"
while another, of like reliability, "I
went into two or three places looking
for a telephone, as the regular police
box was out of order. In the rear
room of a saloon I stopped to clean
the pistol. I had already thrown the
empty shell out of the pistol in the
park, just after leaving the shelter
house. I used my handkerchief to
clean the barrel and the cylinder, and
then threw the handkerchief into the
sink," and a third, of the highest
reputation for accuracy: "I was
afraid of being accused of having
shot the girl, being all alone there
with her. It looked bad, and I de-
cided to keep still. At the station
house I went into a bedroom and re-
loaded my revolver. I threw the
empty shell over a fence, and when
I reached home cleaned the gun with
a handkerchief, which I also threw
away." Obviously the prisoner did
not say four different things at once.
The question is, then, what did he
say? The evidence is in all in favor
of the two papers that agreed in
their quotations and the joke of it is
that these two sticklers for truth are
both yellow journals.—Brooklyn Life.

Easy to Answer.

Niece—"Uncle, they say that there
are more marriages of blondes than
of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder?"

Uncle Singleton (a confirmed bach-
elor).—"H'm. Naturally, the light
headed ones go first."—Stray Stories

SPLENDID BARRACKS OF THE PORTO RICO REGIMENT NEAR MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, P. R.



—From Leslie's Weekly.

THE NEEDLE-EAGLE.

And How It Pounces Upon the Poor
Ban-Ban.

This is quite a startling exhibition
on account of the lifelike qualities of
the eagle, which really soars into mid-
air up the mountain crag after the
defenseless sheep.

The eagle may reach its prey or
hover about it in the air in an unsuc-
cessful attempt as long as the youth-
ful operator wishes.



How It Looks to the Audience.

A small toy theatre stage presents
the best setting for the trick, al-
though it can be done on an ordinary
table, but with the stage setting by
far the best effects may be obtained.

You can easily fashion a set of
mountain scenery by cutting out
mountains from colored pictures in
old magazines and setting them up
either in the slits of the stage or on
small wooden stand mounts if you
have no toy theatre.

Two "wings" of mountain scenery
will be enough—that is, the front
wing which is the mountain side in
the foreground, and the other "wing"
made up of the hills in the back-
ground as shown in the picture.

Now cut out a very small picture
of a sheep and paste it on the "wing"
in the foreground at point A.

Now cut out a small eagle from
fine tissue paper. A small sewing



How It Looks to You.

needle should be procured. Thread
it with a piece of fine thread about a
foot in length and run it lengthwise
through the body of the paper eagle.

The most important thing of all to
secure is a very strong magnet. You
place the theatre or table in such a
way as to enable you to stand direct-
ly behind the stage, where you can
use both hands at the same time.
Take the magnet in your right hand
and place it at the point marked A
behind the mountain and out of sight
of the audience.

The needle-eagle starts to fly to-
ward the invisible magnet. You in-
stantly check its flight by pulling
backward on the thread, the end of
which you have grasped in your left
hand.

Now you gradually move the invis-
ible magnet upward in the direction
indicated by the dotted lines.

The astonished audience sees the
eagle slowly fly up the mountain side.
This seeming miracle is easily accom-
plished by holding the thread end so
that the attracted needle-eagle will
be just far enough away to get the
full strength of the hidden magnet's

attraction without quite being able
to touch it, and as the magnet is
raised upward behind the mountain
the eagle naturally arises with it.

The audience sees only the eagle,
and, of course, is greatly mystified.

If your hand is steady you may di-
rect the eagle's flight at will, being
careful to always keep the magnet
out of sight behind the scenes.—
Philadelphia Record.

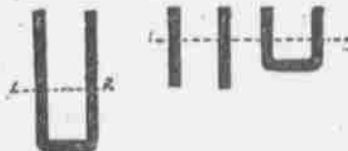
Trance Makes Girl Taller.

The case of Clara Kontor, the eigh-
teen-year-old girl who became un-
conscious recently, is growing more
peculiar. The father of the girl said
his daughter had grown fully two
inches taller in the past three days,
and every dress she has worn is too
small for her.

"The girl is now perfectly ration-
al," said Dr. C. P. Kerr, who exam-
ined her. He advised the parents
that the girl should not be spoken to
on the subject, and even the county
detectives, who have been prying into
the case, were forbidden to question
her. —Pittsburg Telegram to the
Philadelphia Record.

A Good Trick.

Draw a big U on cardboard or stiff
paper and then, with a sharp knife or
scissors, cut it out. Laying it on the
table, ask who can, in two cuts, divide
it into seven pieces. That seems a
difficult thing to do, doesn't it?
But it is quite easy. The picture



shows how you may do it. First cut
across from 1 to 2, which will divide
it into three pieces. Then place the
pieces side by side, and one cut where
you see the dotted line will give you
seven pieces.—Good Literature.

A Slight Mistake.



Young Hopeful—"Mummy, have
gooseberries got legs?"

Mother—"No, dear."

Young Hopeful—"Then I've swal-
lowed a caterpillar."—The Tatler.

In Paris last year 49,298 horses
were killed for food, which was 5,000
more than the previous year. These
animals yielded 26,604,000 pounds of
meat.

HINDOO NAUTCH GIRLS AND MUSICIANS.



PEACH FLAVORING.

Instead of using vanilla to flavor
cup custards, boil half a dozen peach
kernels in the milk. This makes a
pleasant variety from the ordinary
winter flavorings.—New York Times.

SAVE THE HANDS.

This is a new idea in the Modern
Priscilla: A small cup of common
granulated sugar kept on the wash-
stand and a good pinch rubbed well
over the hands while they are covered
with soap suds will keep the hands
soft and white while doing the rough-
est work.

A VEGETABLE WORTH GROWING.

Celeriac, or celery knobs, can be
found in the market of most cities.
Why this delicious vegetable is not
more extensively cultivated must be
because its many excellencies are un-
known to a large majority of house-
wives. When once they are discov-
ered celeriac will take high rank
among the popular vegetables, pos-
sessing as it does, the three require-
ments of the cook—healthfulness,
palatability and cheapness.

Celeriac is a very near relative of
the familiar table celery, but having
large knob-like roots instead of crisp
tender stalks.

The roots are about the size of a
turnip and are sold in bunches of
three, costing three or four cents a
bunch in the vicinity of New York.
Two bunches will serve the average
family with a vegetable or salad and
soup, as every part is edible.

The tops are used for flavoring
soups and sauces. The roots may be
used raw or cooked in a variety of
ways.—Good Housekeeping.

AID OF THE FLATIRON.

I have learned to save time and
trouble by calling into use the flat-
iron for rather unusual purposes.

A flatiron can baste beautifully. It
will turn hems in muslin or linen in
just one-half the usual time; even the
wide hems may be satisfactorily
turned by holding a marker in the
left hand and following it with the
iron held in the right. If cloth
"seams" all creases may be speedily
removed by the use of the flatiron.

In making ruffles, folds, pipings,
etc., the flatiron comes into rapid
play. Crease the material to the de-
sired width with the iron, then cut
by the crease. In sewing upon an old
machine, an unfortunate and ruinous
process known as "chewing" some-
times occurs. Stubborn edges, sharp
turns and points can be avoided, and
many a machine needle saved from
breakage if the fabric is first well
flattened by a warm iron.

The iron is also useful toward se-
curing other good appearances. A
photograph or calendar, curled to un-
sightliness, may be given fresh life
by pressing upon the wrong side. The
magazine you wish to "pass along"
to a friend is given new respectability
by ironing the covers. The wrapping
paper we thriftily save to use again
is made fit for a dainty parcel by a
few passes of the iron. And a
rumpled window shade, tossed by the
breeze, may be made to look like new
if thoroughly pressed upon the wrong
side.—J. W. W., Massachusetts, in
Woman's Home Companion.



Bran Cookies (Thick)—One cup
Graham flour, two cups wheat bran,
two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one
teaspoonful soda, two cups of water.

Dumpling—Cupful of flour, table-
spoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls
baking powder, little salt; mix all
with water enough to stiffen. Sew up
in a cloth and boil twenty-five min-
utes.

Five O'Clock Tea Biscuits—Put
one tablespoonful of butter into two
cups. Place the four little biscuits
so that they touch and when baked
they will stick together. These are
a dainty conceit for luncheon or tea.

Caramel Cake—Two cups sugar,
one cup butter, one cup milk, one and
one-half cups flour, one cup corn-
starch, seven egg whites, one tea-
spoonful extract vanilla, two tea-
spoonfuls baking powder. Cream
sugar and butter; add milk, flavoring
extract, with flour, cornstarch and
baking powder thoroughly sifted to-
gether, white of eggs whipped to a
stiff froth. Bake in layers.

Cherry Catsup—To each pound
stoned cherries allow a pound of
sugar. Boil together until the cher-
ries are soft, then strain. To each
quart of this liquor allow a teaspoon-
ful each of mace, pepper, ginger, cin-
namon and a half teaspoonful cloves.
Boil with the syrup and strain; then
add to the crushed fruit that has
been pressed through a puree sieve.
Boil until thick; reduce with strong
vinegar and hot. —